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COMICS
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ALL NEW

The **FLINTSTONES'** NEIGHBORS

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NO. 5
SEPT.
CDC

ONLY
20¢

Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

a Hanna-Barbera
Production



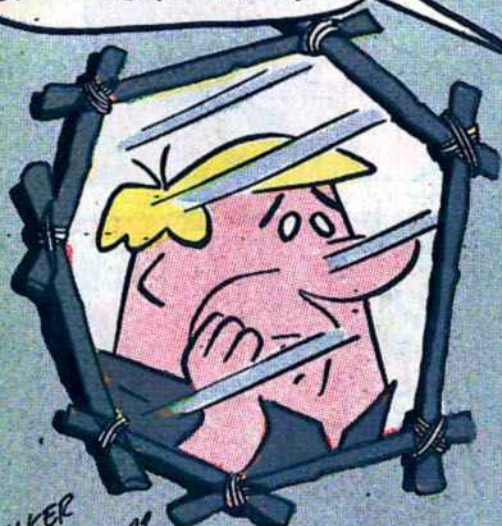
BARNEY & BETTY RUBBLE

00006

Barney & Betty Rubble

IN THE NEW LOOK

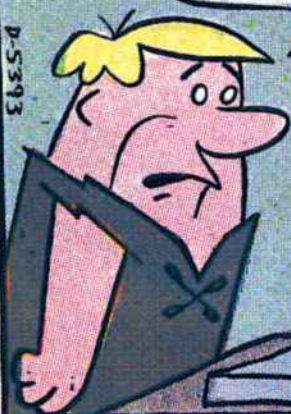
BOY... I MUST BE GETTING OLD! THE OLD RUBBLE GOOD LOOKS ARE STARTING TO FADE!



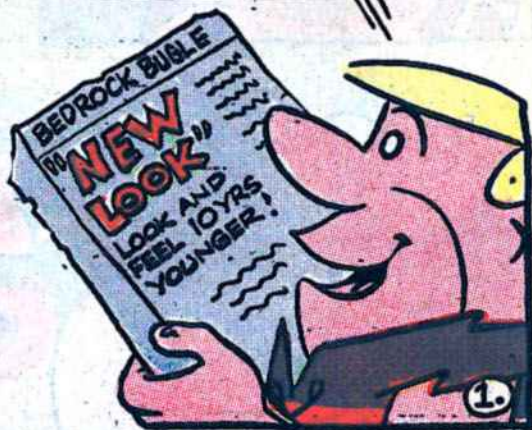
WALKER
+ REICHART.



WELL, YOU CAN'T FIGHT OLD AGE... HUH; WHAT'S THIS?

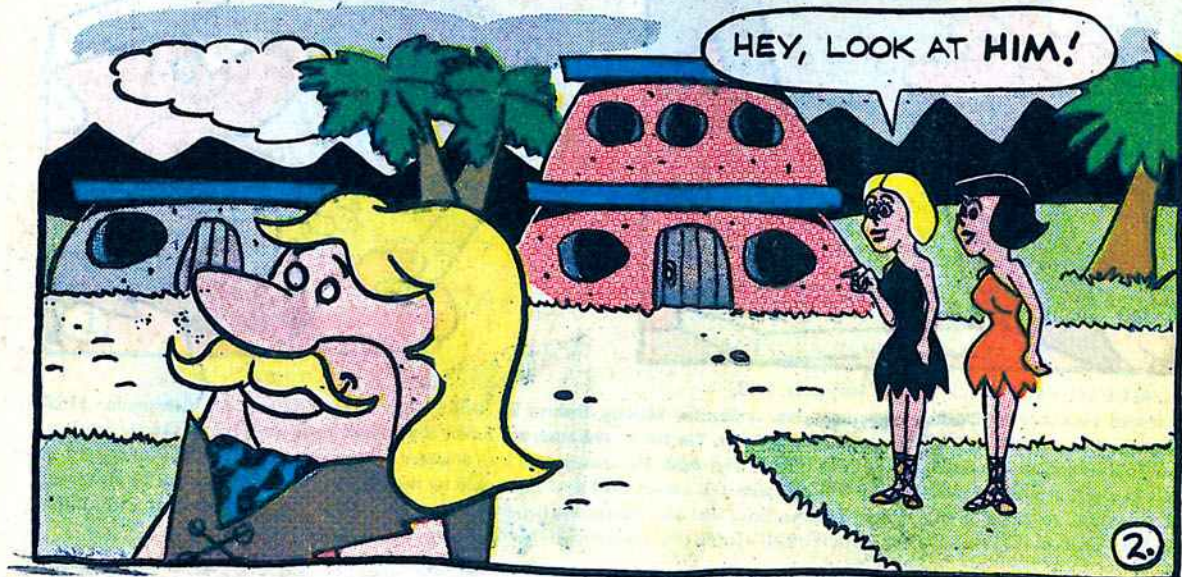
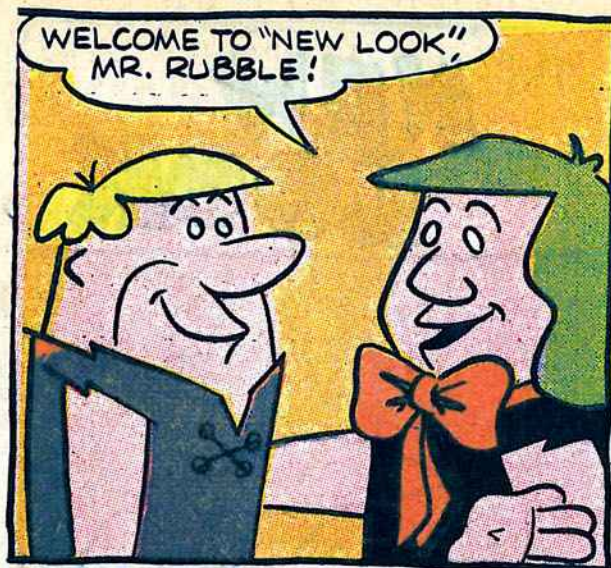


HEY, THIS SOUNDS GOOD! I'LL DO IT!.....



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WOW! THEY THINK
I LOOK GREAT!



WASN'T HE FUNNY
LOOKING!

YEAH,
HA HA HA..



AH, IT'S SO NICE BEING
HANDSOME...



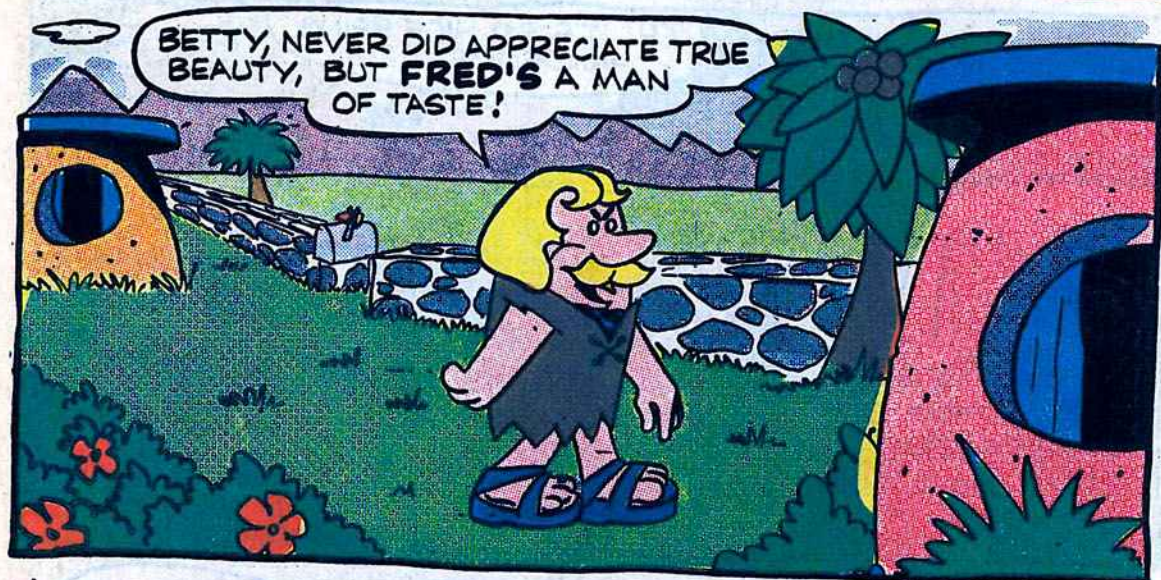
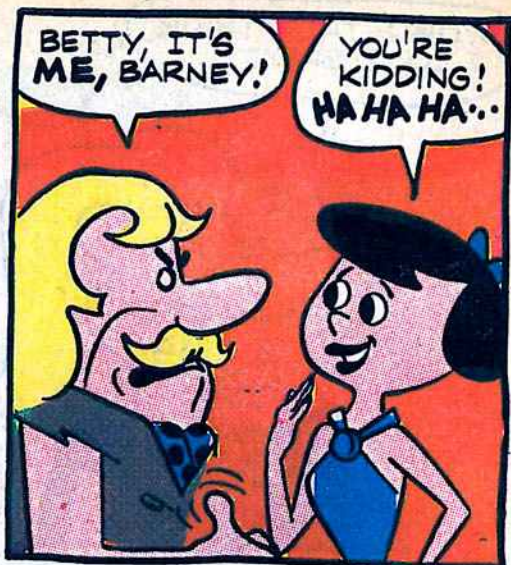
WAIT'LL BETTY
SEES ME



HI!

EEEK!





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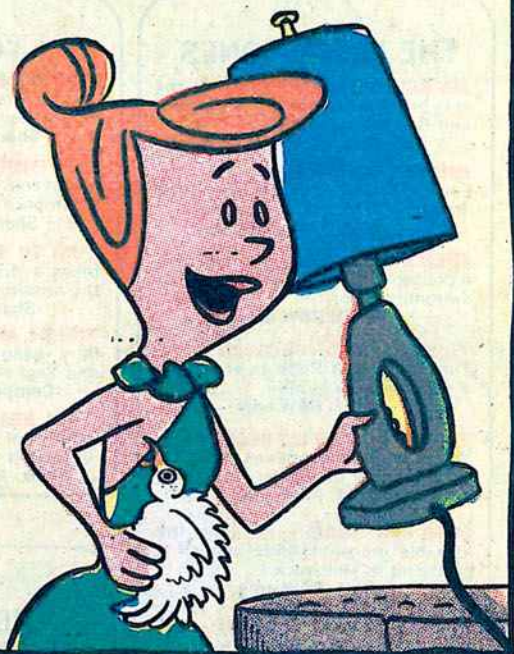
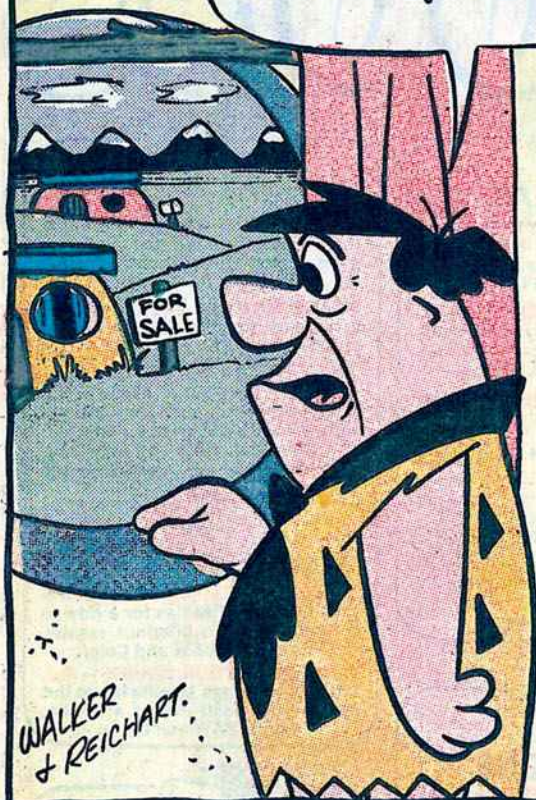


Barney in UN-REAL ESTATE

& Betty
RUBBLE

WILMA, COME
HERE QUICK!!

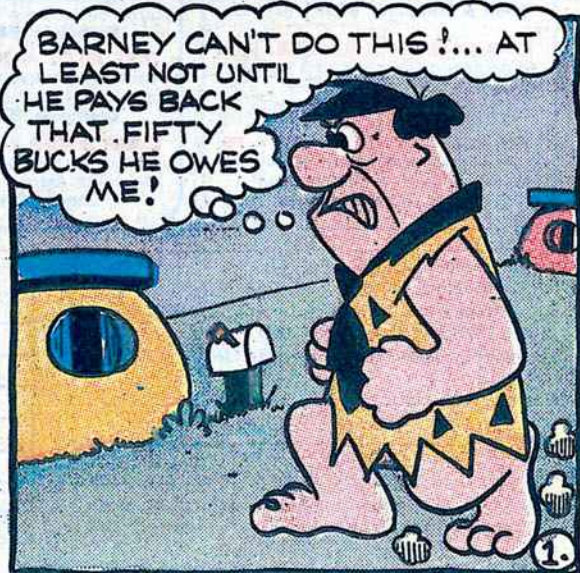
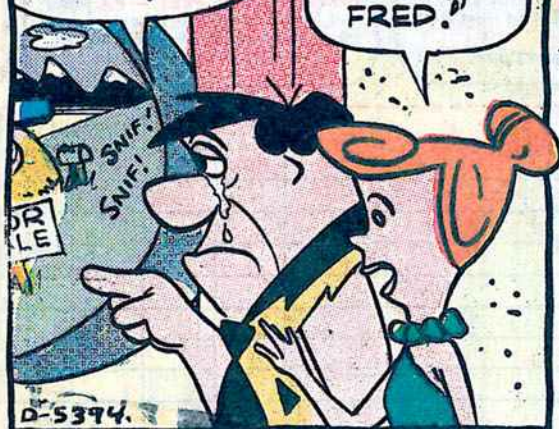
WHAT IS IT,
FRED?



BARNEY AND
BETTY ARE
SELLING THEIR
HOUSE!

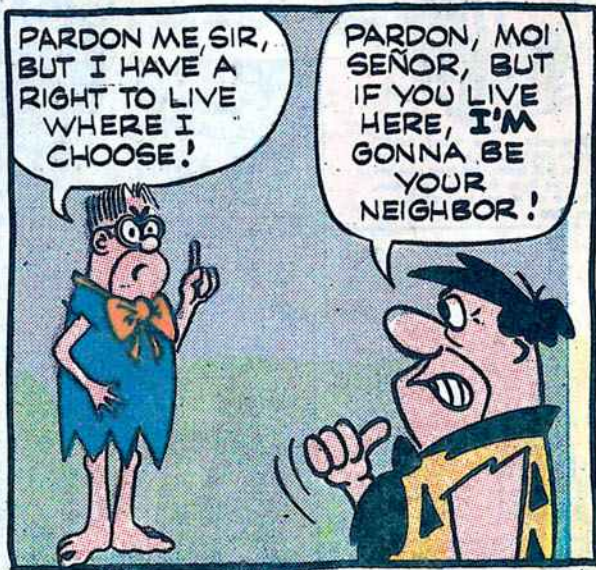
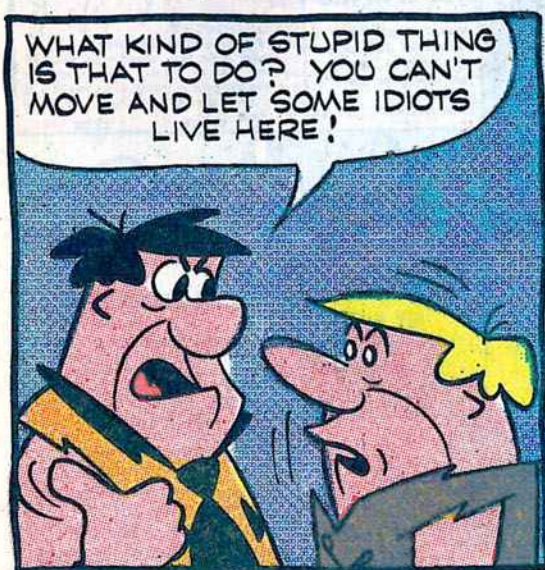
YOU'VE GOT
TO STOP
THEM,
FRED!

BARNEY CAN'T DO THIS!... AT
LEAST NOT UNTIL
HE PAYS BACK
THAT FIFTY
BUCKS HE OWES
ME!



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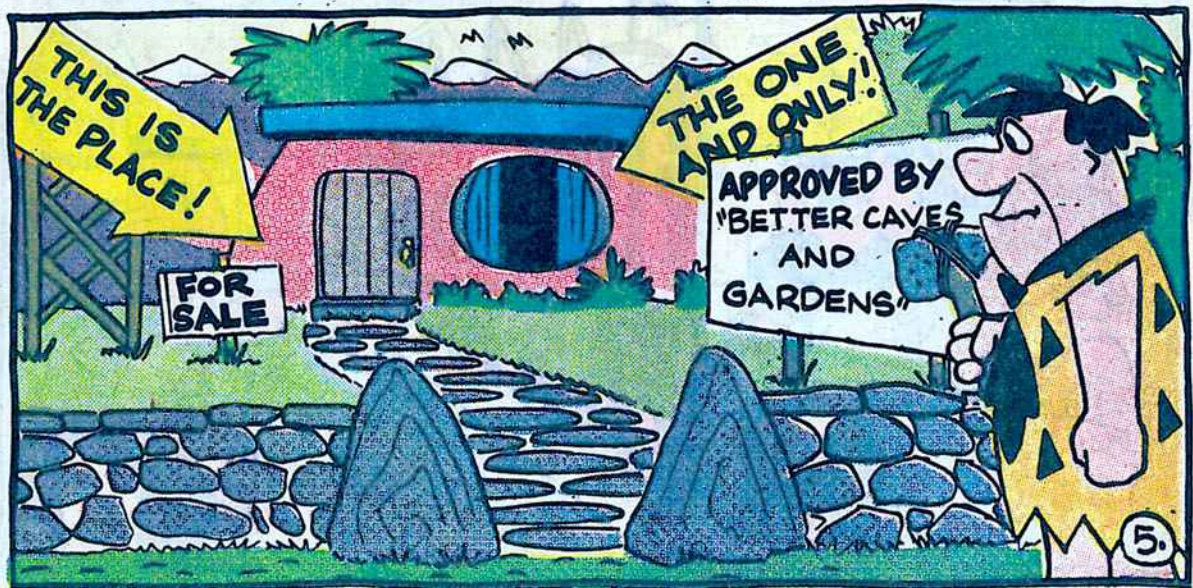
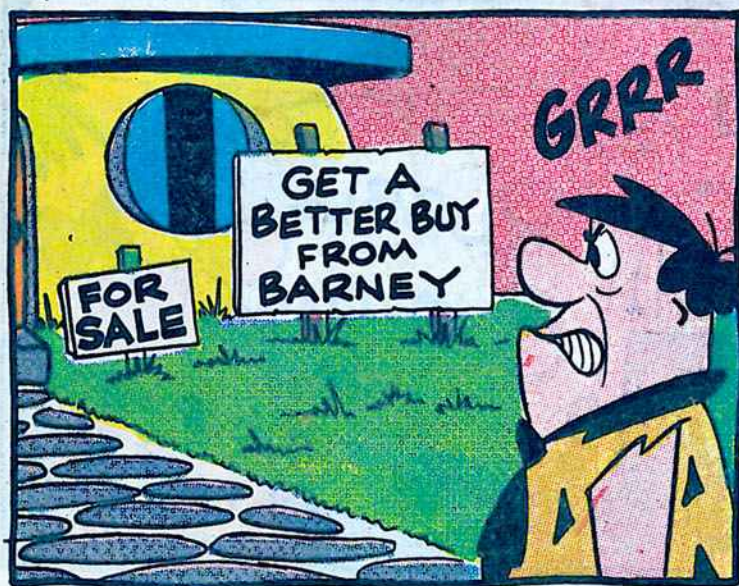
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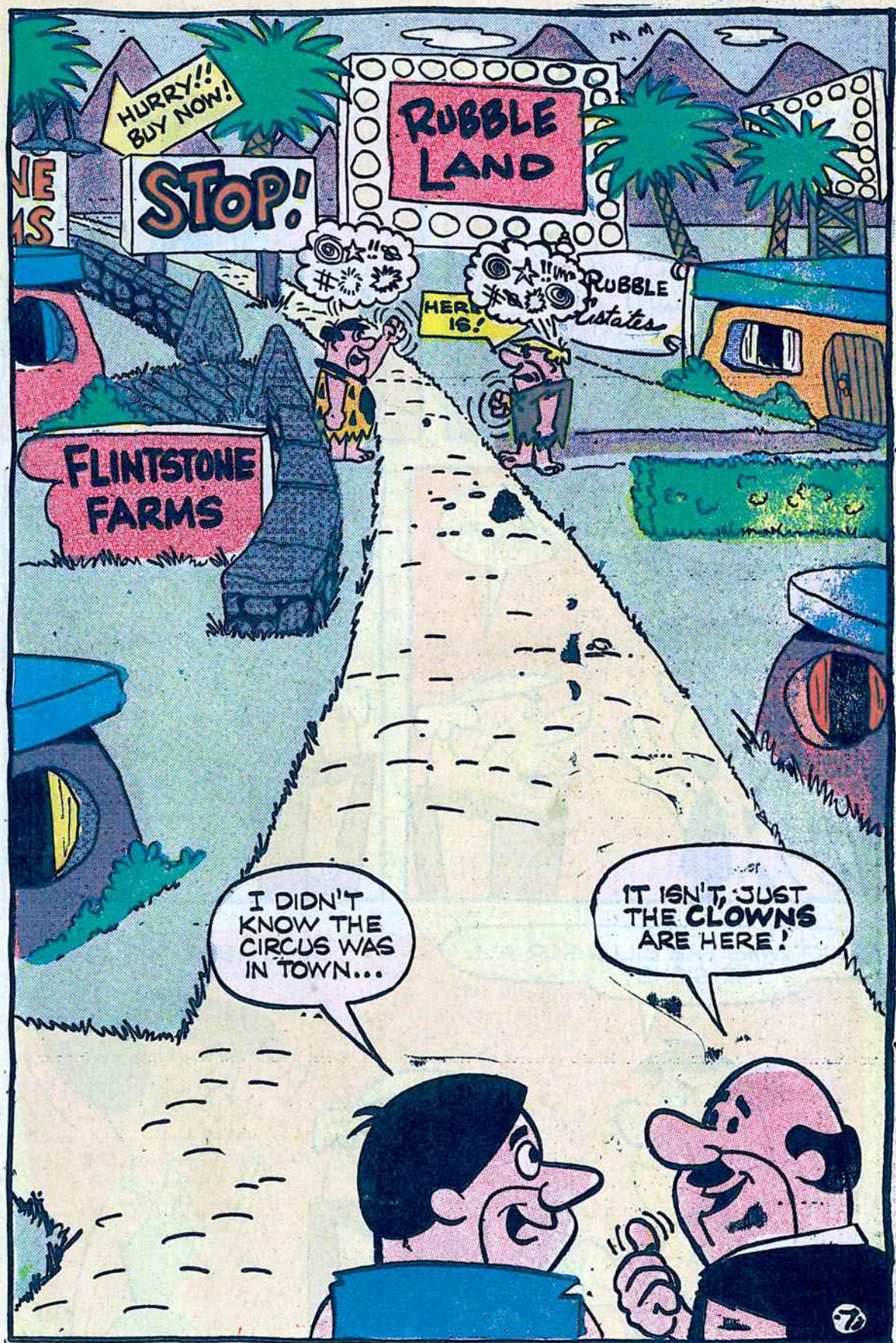
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BONERS, Moaners and GROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught these darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, these little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

For three years I taught at P.S. 48. Dr. John Waterman was the principal when I was there. We had regular classes; special classes for gifted children; and what was known to us as "slow classes." If you got a slow class - you regarded it as something of a punishment. And at the end of my second year there, I really pulled off a big boner. It was my turn to have my class give a play in the auditorium on Friday.

I got a play from the school library. And we rehearsed it several times. My head began to swell. I was going to have a hit on my hands. I will never forget what happened. Our "leading lady" - Elsie - was sick and didn't come to school. And poor me had to go ahead and say I was dumb - didn't have a stand-in for her. So the play couldn't go on! Oh, was that principal furious at me.

So came the next term and I got one of those so-called slow classes. Thirty-seven boys who didn't want to study; didn't want to learn; didn't want to do homework; and most of all - didn't want to obey the teacher. My headache was starting to get a big headache all on its own. And then Mr. Franklyn Muller, the father of one of my boys, came to see me.

"I know what you are up against," he began. "I got an idea that might help. In a deal I had to take twenty shoe shine boxes. With polish, brushes, cloth, and other items. Why not give them out? One to half of the class. Then the next day the other half uses them. They give a shine for two cents. In school or out of school. I knew the police captain. I can explain it is a school project. You can teach the boys mathematics, english, manners, and anything else you want to. And I have a

selfish motive. It will help my son. What do you say?"

Seems the principal had to go to the Board of Education to do some special work. So I grabbed at it like a sailor looking for something to hold not to drown. Two cents a shine? All the kids that had two cents got a shine. Also the teachers. And outside the school - my class did a landslide business! They knew how to make change. And how to be polite. They wrote essays on their experiences. It actually worked!

They really weren't slow kids at all! Just didn't have any motivation. And when they discovered some of the people for whom they shined shoes spoke Italian, German, and Spanish - they wanted to learn the language. So I bought language records! And they just amazed me. It was a new wonderful experience for me!

Most of all, the kids were thrilled by the fact that they were earning money. And then the principal came back to school. And how was he greeted?

"Shine your shoes? Best shine in the school. Only two cents." Next thing I knew I was in his office. I listened to him really yell at me for twenty minutes. He was going to have my license taken away from me! What had I done to those kids? They should be studying from books. I was turning them into shoe-shine boys! And I felt the best thing in the world would be for the floor under me to open. And somehow I could be swallowed into the earth. Maybe if I was no longer a teacher, I could shine shoes?

And just when I felt so despondent, into the office walked our School Superintendent, Dr. Theodore Cass. He was all smiles. Put a magazine on the desk of the principal.

"I congratulate you, Dr. Waterman," he began. "You have vision. Read this article about your school and that wonderful teacher right here with you. You were willing to see new horizons! Give children an incentive. I want this teacher relieved from all his classes for two days. He will attend the Superintendents' meeting. And tell about his work. Also bring some of the boys with him."

You should see how my principal changed at once. All smiles. Shook hands with me, and said how he liked my work. That article? It was written by Mr. Franklyn Muller!

Barney & Betty RUBBLE

IN INSURANCE

I CAN'T PLAY NOW, DINO,
I'VE GOT TOO MUCH WORK
TO DO.... I DON'T NEED
ANY INTERRUPTIONS!



BARNEY, THERE'S A
MAN HERE WHO
WANTS TO SEE YOU!

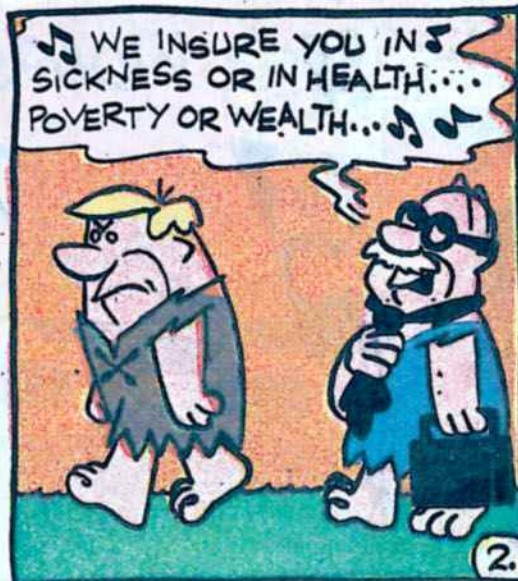
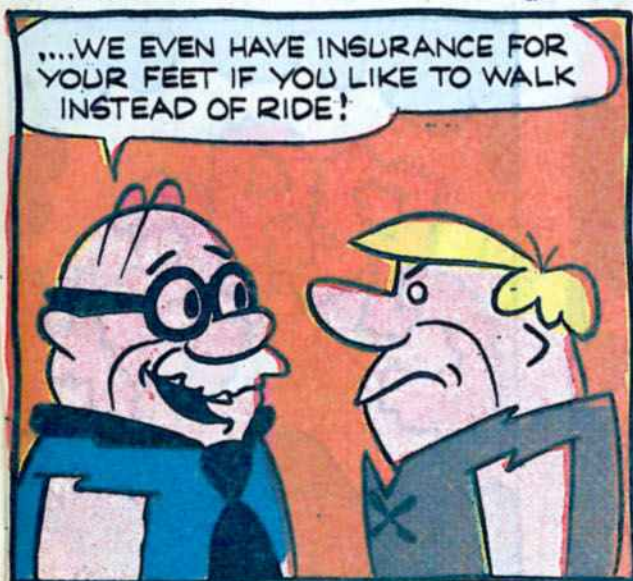
SEND
HIM
AWAY!



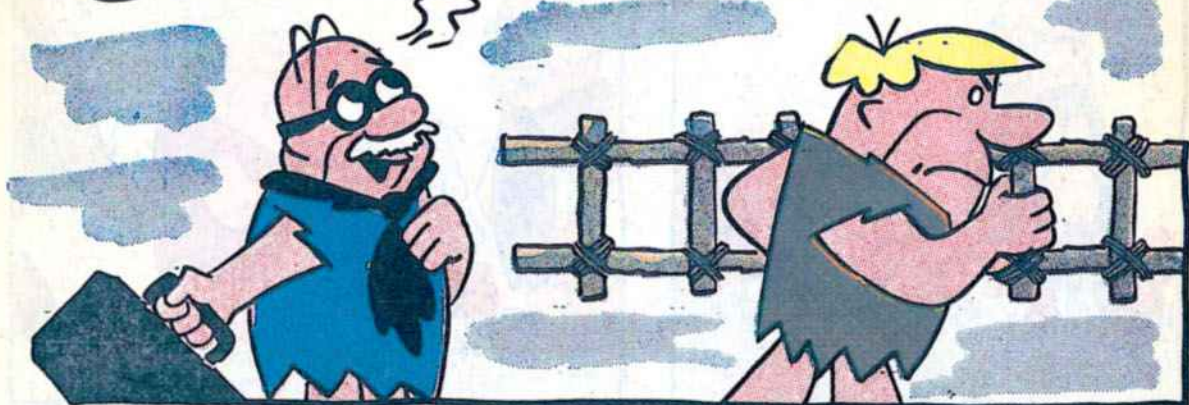
HELLO, MR. RUBBLE, I'M
MR. GYP SUM FROM
ALLSTONE INSURANCE!

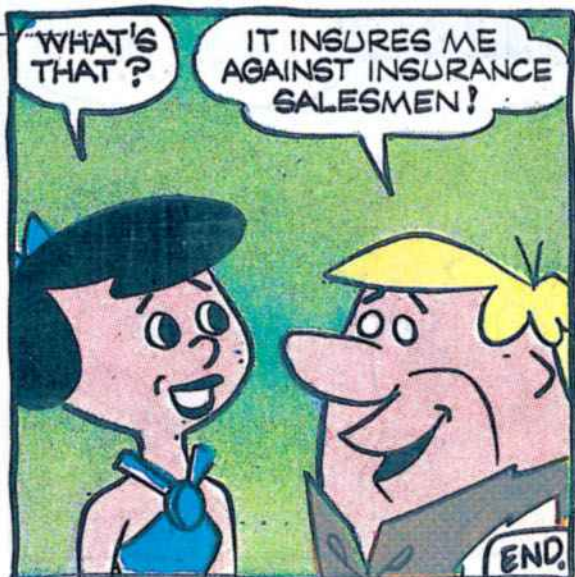
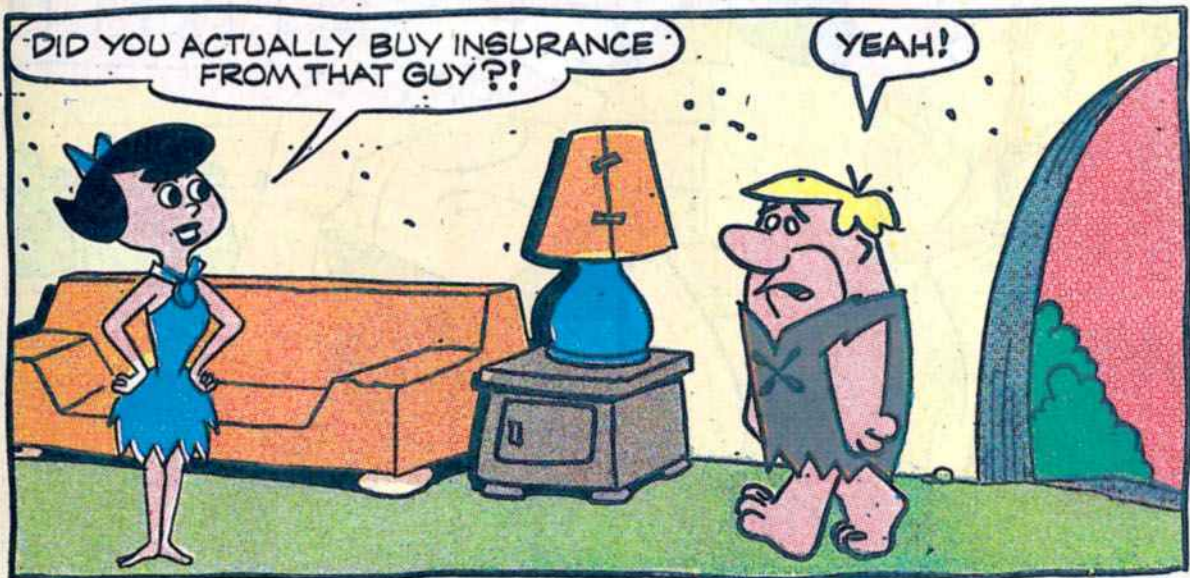
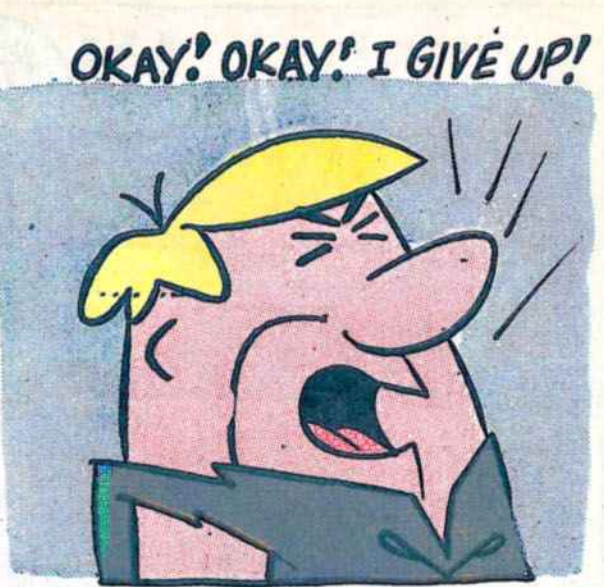
DON'T
WANT
ANY!





♪...FROM ROBBERY AND
STEALTH WE'LL INSURE YOU♪

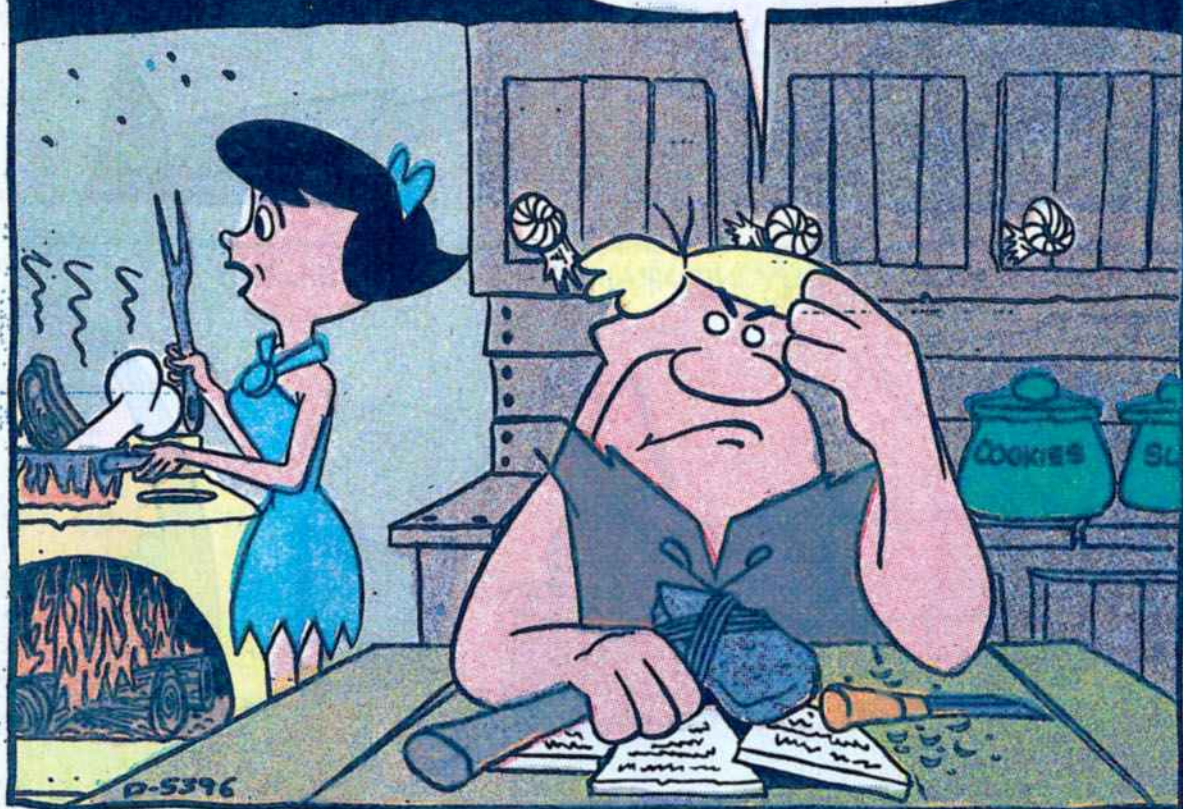




Barney & Betty
RUBBLE

IN GOOD-BYE CRUEL WORLD

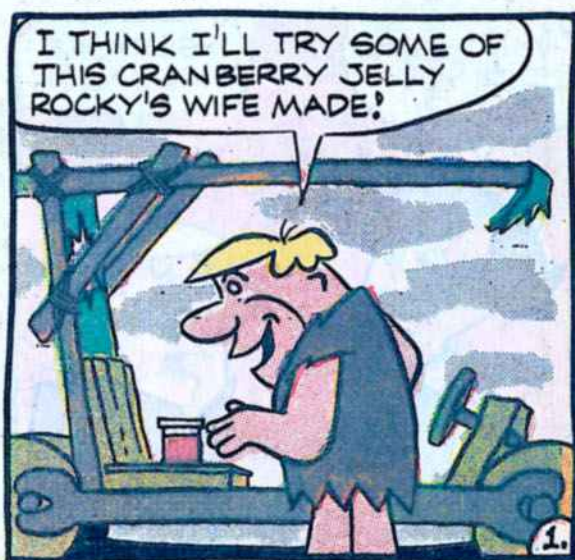
I'VE HAD IT WITH THESE BILLS! I
CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE, I FEEL LIKE
ENDING IT ALL...



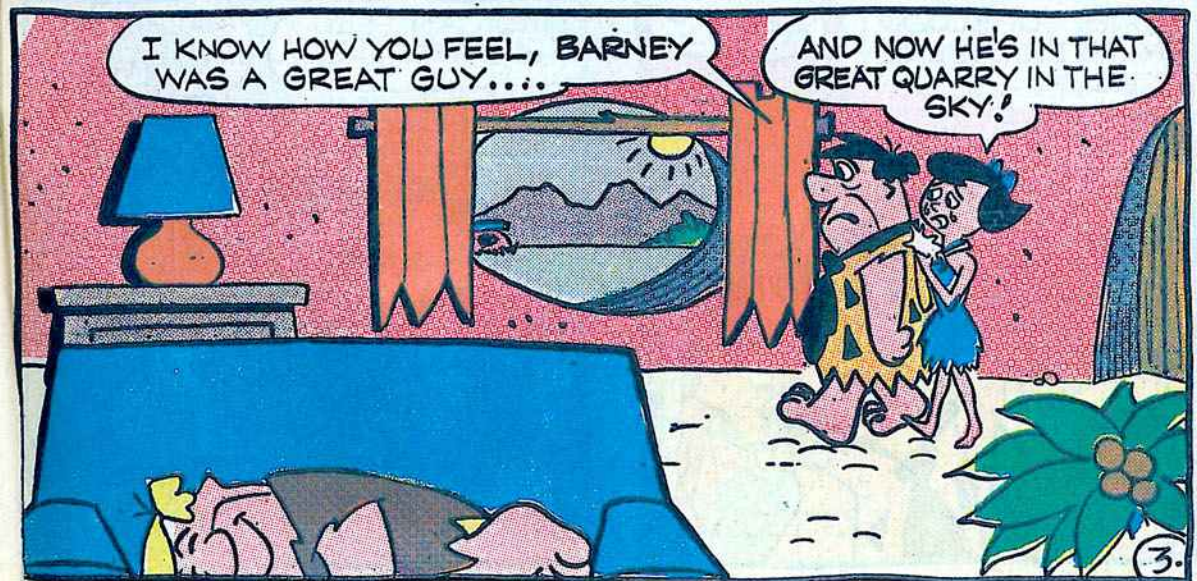
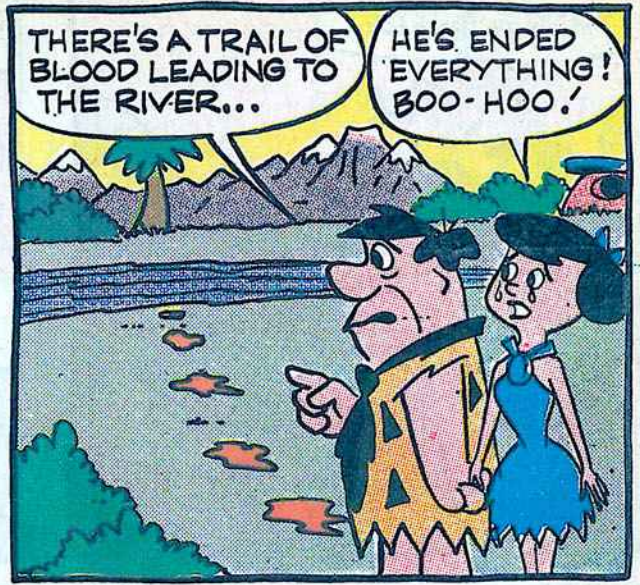
GIVE ME A KNIFE,
BETTY...

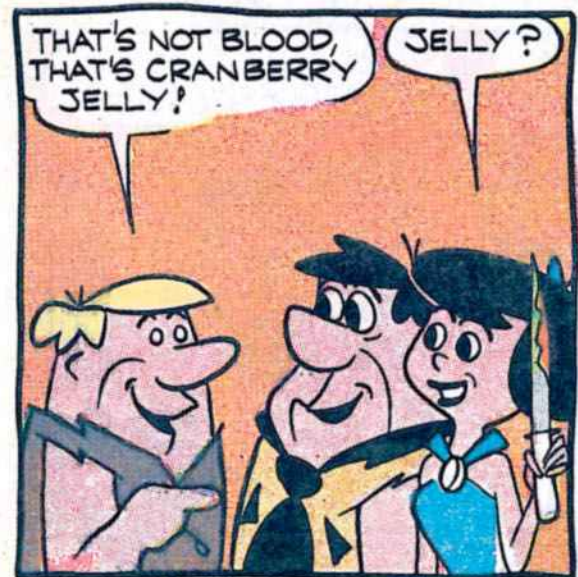


I THINK I'LL TRY SOME OF
THIS CRANBERRY JELLY
ROCKY'S WIFE MADE!









THE END.